

*The Comickall Historie of*

Gob. Be Gods fonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

of NO. *Launcelet.* Talke you of young Master *Launcelet*, marke mee now, now will I raise the vvaters ; talke you of young Master *Launcelet.*

Gobbo. No Master fir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

*Launc.* Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorships friend and *Launcelet* fir.

Launc. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talke  
you of young Master Launcelet?

Gob. Of Launcelet and shall please your worship.

*Launc.* Ergo, Master *Launcelot*, talke not of Master *Launcelot* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fares and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters three, and such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

*Job.* Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my  
age, my very prop.

*Launc.* Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell post, a staffe, or  
a prop: doe you know me Father?

*Gobbo.* Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman,  
but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God rest his soule, alive or  
dead.

*LARRY.* Do you not know me Father?

*Gob.* Alack fir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

*Launcelet.* Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me : it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

*Gobbo.* Pray you fir stand up, I am fure you are not *Lanaccelet*  
my boy. *Reverend.* let's have no more fooling about it, but give

*Lance.* Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

the Merch

mece your blessing: I am *Launce*  
that is, your childe that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot thinke you are

*Launc.* I know not what I  
*Launcelet* the Jewes man, and I a  
mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie Launcelet*, thou art mine owne might he be, what a beard hast thou on thy chinne, then Dobbin my

**Launc.** It should seeme then  
ward. I am sure he had more ha  
face when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord how art thou changed  
After agree, I have brought him

*Lannc.* Well, well, but for n  
rest to run away, so I will not r  
my Master's a very Iewe, give  
am famisht in his service. You  
my ribs: Father I am glad you  
one Master *Bassanio*, who indee  
serve not him, I will runne as fa  
fortune, here comes the man, to  
serve the Iewe any longer.

*Enter Bassanio with*

*Bas.* You may doe so, but let  
dy at the farthest by five of the  
put the Liveries to making, and  
my lodging.

*Launc.* To him Father.

*Bas.* Gramercie, wouldst thou

Gob. Heere's my Sonne fir, a

*Launc.* Not a poore boy sir,  
sir, as my Father shall specific.

*Gob.* He hath a great infect

Lawn. Indee'de the short and  
have a desire as my Father shall